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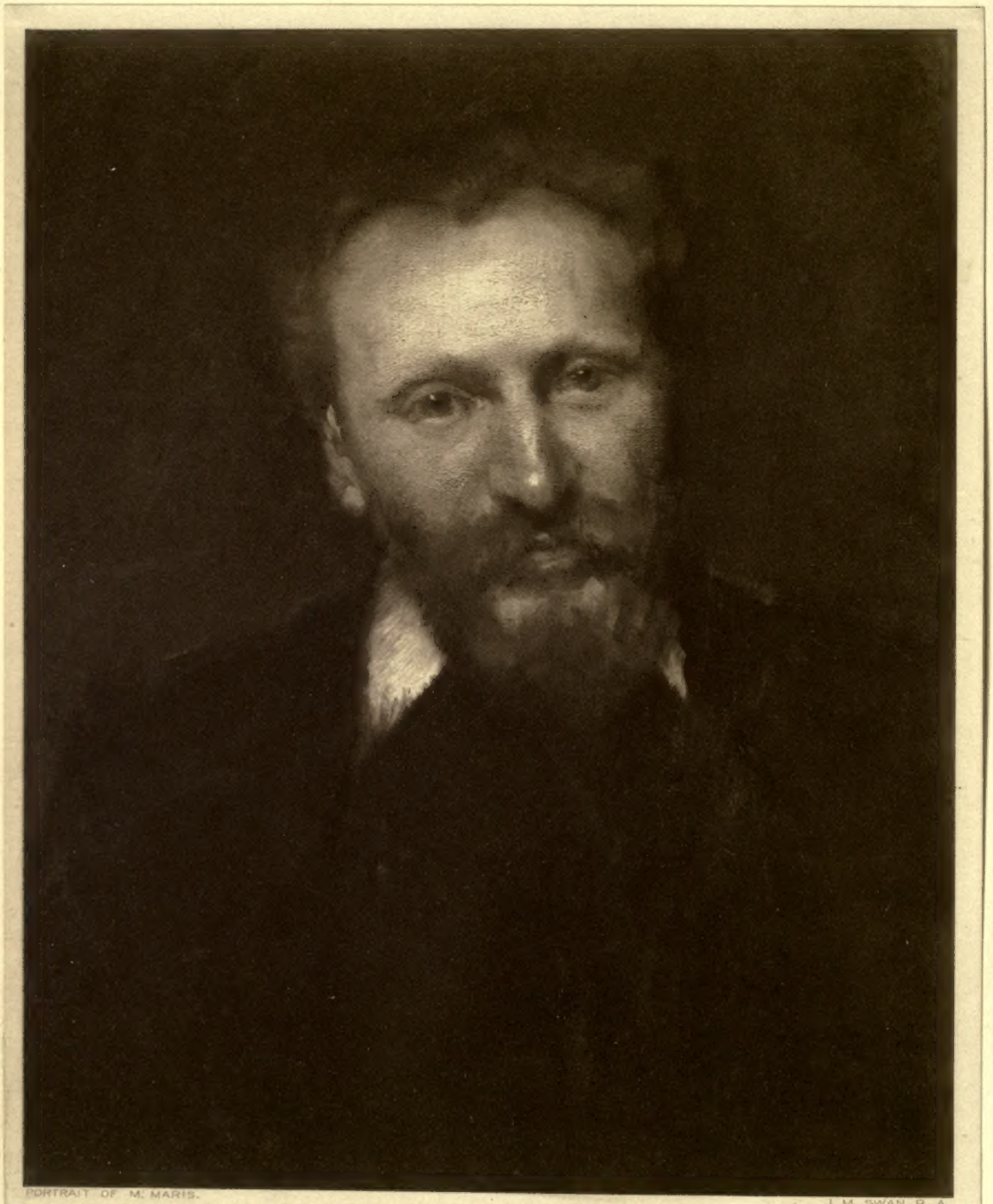
MATTHEW MARIS

A SOUVENIR

WITH MEMOIR
BY
D. CROAL THOMSON

MATTHEW MARIS.



PORTRAIT OF M. MARIS.

J. M. SWAN, R. A.

MATTHEW MARIS.

An

Illustrated Souvenir.

Arranged by
D. CROAL THOMSON
Author of "The Barbizon School of Painters" &c.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

WALLIS & SON, 120, PALL MALL,
LONDON, S.W. 1.

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NOTE.

As mementoes of their principal Exhibitions, it has been usual of late years for the proprietors of the French Gallery to publish Catalogues with illustrations representing the chief pictures in their collections.

The Memorial Exhibition of the works of Matthew Maris, held in Pall Mall towards the end of 1917 and until the beginning of 1918, is esteemed worthy of the same consideration. But on this occasion the idea of a simple memento of the Exhibition has been enlarged, so that the publication may form a Souvenir of the whole of the Artist's works.

In this volume, therefore, there have been inserted a number of reproductions of pictures by Matthew Maris which have never been brought together in any one exhibition, as they are scattered over England, Scotland, Holland, Canada, and the United States of America.

It may be added that the letterpress aims only at explaining the principal points in the artist's career, and merely touches the surface of the fuller story which, some day, and in happier times, will probably see the light.

In the midst of the Great War, and with air raids attacking London, there was an element of adventure in the proposal to hold this Memorial Exhibition which the public speedily recognised. Some collectors declined to permit their treasures to travel to London, but in view of the artist's recent death the large majority did not hesitate to do immediate honour to the great artist, and the result was the most successful exhibition held at the French Gallery.

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CATALOGUE OF THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION HELD AT THE FRENCH GALLERY, NOVEMBER, 1917, TO JANUARY, 1918.

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

MATTHEW MARIS.

Born at The Hague, August 17th, 1839.

Antwerp, 1855.

Switzerland and France, 1861.

Paris, 1869-71.

London, 1872.

Died in Westbourne Square, August 22nd, 1917.

Buried in Hampstead Churchyard.

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BY MATTHEW MARIS.

		Sizes in inches, width first.	
1.	The Christening	20 × 26	Oil
2.	The Young Cook	7½ × 12¼	Oil
3.	Feeding Chickens	8 × 13¼	Oil
4.	He is Coming	12½ × 17	Oil
5.	The Sisters	25 × 38½	Oil
6.	The Girl at the Well	10½ × 13¼	Oil
7.	Souvenir of Amsterdam	13 × 17¾	Oil
8.	The Flower	8 × 13*	Oil
9.	Novice taking the Veil	12¾ × 19	Oil
10.	Interior of a Cathedral by Moonlight	20 × 35½	Oil
11.	Barye Swan	23¾ × 34	Oil
12.	Siska	13¼ × 15¼	Oil
13.	The Four Mills	11½ × 8½	Oil
14.	The Lady with the Goats	38½ × 24½	Oil
15.	Outskirts of a Town	35¾ × 23¼	Oil
16.	Butterflies	39 × 25½	Oil
17.	Shepherdess with Goats and Kid	12 × 9½	Oil
18.	Enfant Couchée	20¾ × 14	Oil
19.	The Goats	17½ × 14	Oil
20.	The Squirrels	18 × 11½	Oil
21.	Fantasy	11½ × 25½	Oil
22.	The Veiled Lady	13¼ × 23¼	Oil
23.	The Walk	24 × 40	Drawing
24.	The Shepherdess	22¾ × 29¾	Oil
25.	The Enchanted Castle	13 × 8	Oil

		Size in inches, width first.	
26.	The Enchanted Wood...	15 × $9\frac{3}{4}$ ...	Drawing
27.	The Prince and Princess	21 × $14\frac{1}{2}$ ...	Drawing
28.	Montmartre	23 × $14\frac{1}{2}$ ...	... Oil
29.	Head of a Young Girl...	$9\frac{1}{4}$ × $11\frac{3}{4}$ ...	... Oil
30.	The Waterfall	15 × 19 ...	... Oil
31.	The Joyous Walk	8 × $11\frac{1}{4}$ ...	Crayon
32.	"Lainie"	$9\frac{1}{2}$ × $12\frac{1}{4}$ ...	Crayon
33.	The King's Children	$16\frac{1}{4}$ × 25* ...	Crayon
34.	The Boy with a Hoop	$11\frac{3}{4}$ × $17\frac{3}{4}$ ...	... Oil
35.	The Spinner	25 × 37 ...	... Oil
36.	Trees in Gloaming	$10\frac{3}{4}$ × $11\frac{1}{2}$ ...	Drawing
37.	The Old Spinner	$6\frac{1}{2}$ × 9 ...	... Oil
38.	Forest Trees	$12\frac{1}{4}$ × $21\frac{1}{4}$	Pencil & Stump
39.	The Castle Ploughman	$5\frac{3}{4}$ × $7\frac{1}{2}$ ...	... Oil
40.	The Dancing Boy	$6\frac{1}{2}$ × $12\frac{1}{2}$ ...	Crayon
41.	The Convent	$15\frac{7}{8}$ × $4\frac{1}{4}$ ...	Pencil
42.	"Laughing and Crying"	$4\frac{7}{8}$ × 3 ...	Pencil
43.	"Baby"	7 × $8\frac{1}{2}$* ...	... Oil
44.	The Westmacott Children	30 × 21 ...	Crayon
45.	"In their Own Little World" ...	$6\frac{1}{4}$ × 4 ...	Crayon
46.	Baby in Cradle	$8\frac{3}{4}$ × 6 ...	Pencil
47.	Prince and Princess	$4\frac{3}{4}$ × 7 ...	Pencil
48.	The Flower	$3\frac{7}{8}$ × $6\frac{5}{8}$ ...	Pencil
49.	The Enchanted Wood	28 × 30 ...	Crayon
50.	Figure of a Girl	$13\frac{1}{2}$ × $18\frac{1}{4}$ ...	Crayon
51.	Portrait of Matthew Maris	12 × 18* ...	... Oil

* These sizes are approximate.

MATTHEW MARIS.

MEMOIR.

IF the life story of Matthew Maris is as interesting as his pictures are romantic and fascinating, the simple facts thereof may be compared to the simplicity of the subjects he painted. His canvases ranged principally around themes of artless incidents, such as, of themselves, any child can understand, but it was his method of expressing these ideas, conveyed in a spirit of charm and attractiveness with full artistic quality of pencil and brush, that has rendered them unique in the art of painting.

So it is with his life story: the incidents of his long lifetime embrace little more than the ordinary happenings to all humanity: nothing heroic of itself, nothing dramatic, merely some unembellished occurrences such as leave only brief history behind. Yet, like his pictures, these incidents, when taken in true perspective, are found to be full of the quiet romance which makes his life one that has proved irresistibly attractive to our saddened world.

Absolutely impervious to the necessity of making provision for the future, he was content to remain alone and unacknowledged, even when the artistic world was willing to acclaim him master of the highest order. For fully five and forty years he lived in London, mostly in small rooms which at the best could only be termed "highly respectable," but which were in reality only possible for a being of his refinement because he was able to clothe them in romantic beauties they did not obviously possess. Such life was softened and sustained by the sisterly and motherly affection of two ladies, Mrs. E. J van Wisselingh and Mrs. Jules Lessore, who, while thoroughly sympathising with the artist's higher ideals, yet knew, of their womanly wisdom, that the household needs ordinary attention, and they assisted and cheered him accordingly. These rendered the later days of the artist comfortable and even happy.

It came about that Matthew Maris was almost alone in the world, not because his several artistic and private friends did not look him up occasionally, but truly and only because the artist, as master of his own destiny, chose that he should keep his own dreams, and his own imaginings, to himself alone. He never returned visits; indeed he seldom went outside for the fresh air, which even in Bayswater is delightful in the Spring. But calls from artists and acquaintances annoyed him, for visitors naturally asked the painter to let them see what he was busy with, and for years there was nothing to show.

Of Matthew Maris's family history the main facts may be set down here, although they are to be found in several publications.* The three brothers Maris, Jacob or James, Matthys or Matthew, and Willem or William, were all born at the Hague. In this narrative, written in the English language, we adhere to the English equivalents of the names, and it may be also stated that these English names have been used in describing the artists from the time of their earliest reputation in the English-speaking nations. Moreover, the special subject of this memoir told the writer very pointedly that he preferred he should be known as Matthew, although his few intimates called him affectionately "Thÿs."

Matthew Maris was born on August 17th, 1839, at the Hague, where the father was a struggling printer who spent a life of unbroken toil. The printer's father—grandfather of the artist—was a soldier of fortune, said to have been born in Prague in 1779. This soldier married a Dutch woman, and settled in the political capital of Holland. The father of the artist had at one time to leave his printing and fight as a conscript on the side of the Netherlands when they became separated from Belgium.

Once, Matthew Maris related, his father was in an engagement between the armies, and they were firing through the mist at an enemy they could not see. Every now and then a comrade was hit, and dropped out. "What crime have these comrades committed that they should be slain?" cried the conscript, and he got into a temper and could not help saying "They ought to hang these murderers in office."

In this connexion the story of the 1870 tragedy may be related, for it also bears out the same view of wars and its adherents. At the siege of Paris our artist, then resident there, like every one, was enrolled in the Municipal Guard and he was called for duty.

"The post of Matthew Maris was on the Parisian fortifications "opposite Asnières and just under Mont Valerien. The nights were "frightfully cold, and amongst other wraps the sentries were permitted "in the bitterest of the weather to wear even whole sheepskins, which "were tied around them.

"One night, Matthew relates, he was walking up and down when "he heard a movement and at once called 'Halte! Qui vive?' and a "small group of horsemen of the French army were brought to a "standstill by his call. An officer came forward and rather blamed "our artist for not shouting more loudly, and Matthew was glad to get "off with a scolding, as he thought for a moment it was the enemy. "Another time he heard shots in the distance, and gave the alarm, but

*"The Studio" Extra, "The Brothers Maris," 1907.

" he never came to close quarters with the Germans, or was an actual " witness of any of them falling. On another very cold and bleak " night, presumably when the sheepskins were not available, Mr. Maris " relates that he secured a monk's coat with a hood, which he donned " to keep out the dreadful cold. He put his gun under his arm and his " hands deep in the wide sleeves. He noticed a piece of wood amongst " the puddles, and he found it large enough to stand upon and, at least, keep " his feet out of the water. He goes on to say that he was feeling com- " paratively comfortable when some noise occurred very near, and low down " from where he was standing sentry. He called out and received for " answer 'Artillerie!' 'Tant mieux,' he said, and was glad it was " nothing else, for the cold had so numbed his fingers that to save his " life he could not have fired his rifle. 'Besides'—and I now quote " the artist's own words—'I never put a bullet in my gun, but only " 'pretended' to do so!

" It must have been a queer life for the gentle artist, with his small " body and not over-strong limbs. A pen-and-ink sketch exists of " Matthew Maris in his regimentals, with haversack behind, infantry " cap and long rifle. As his normal height is under even the smallest " number of inches given to the great Napoleon, his appearance with " sheepskin around him in the snow must have been a sight to make " the gods smile. To this day the artist delights in telling of his ex- " periences at this time. But he will say little about his later stern " refusal to help to fight the Communists. As he says, he was quite " glad to oppose the Germans, as his natural enemies, but he would " not wound a Frenchman however misguided."

In all his earlier years Matthew remained closely associated with his elder brother James, and through an allowance granted to him by Queen Sophie of Holland in 1855, which the prudent father said was enough for both the young artists, they spent nearly a twelvemonth in Antwerp studying and painting. The brothers lived in the same rooms as Alma Tadema. another painter of Holland who became famous in London, and there is no doubt they laboured strenuously to master the technicalities of painting. In passing it may be remarked that Alma Tadema, although always with a kind word to say of Matthew Maris, never associated in London with him in any way.

By 1858 Matthew was back in the Hague and he continued to work and study hard, but without producing anything that is now considered notable. He and his brother made some money by copying pictures, and in 1861 the two young artists set off on a memorable journey which made a lasting impression on both artists, but the more strongly on Matthew.

They travelled through the Black Forest of Germany to Switzerland and returned through France by Dijon to the Puy de Dome, and then by Fontainebleau and Paris. The recollection of this tour never faded from Matthew's mind. The romantic castles and buildings in central France became buildings of enchantment in his poetic imagination, and the memory of their towers and turrets and embattlements may easily be traced in the various "Enchanted Castles" which he painted, and in some of the details of such pictures as "He is coming," and "The Castle Ploughman."

After his brief stay in Paris, when he passed through the siege with the experiences already related, he travelled to London in 1872, and he remained faithful to the English Metropolis to the end of his days. His various places of abode are herein mentioned, but he never became really associated with the neighbourhoods in any distinctive way. He remained, as he had come, a being apart from the every-day life of those around him. He made few friends even among his fellow artists, and those with whom he became intimate could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The only persons who appear to have had influence over him were Daniel Cottier, an art decorator, of London, and Mr. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow, and it was not only in art but also in other ways that their influence was seen. Cottier and Craibe Angus (the Robbie Burns enthusiast) were Scots of the perfervid type who loved to speak the broad Scots language and to quote Robert Burns at every opportunity. Maris found the appreciation of the Peasant Bard absolutely thrilling, and became himself one of his most zealous admirers, and to the end of his life he would speak of Burns with earnest enthusiasm.

It must be recorded, however, that Daniel Cottier's method of treating the sensitive artist was exceedingly doubtful, and in any case Matthew Maris in many existing letters sets down his strong antipathy to the pushing business man who tried to keep the artist in running harness. From the time Matthew came to London, that is from 1872, and for the next fifteen years, he had rooms in Daniel Cottier's house in St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park. To judge from the letters mentioned it would appear that the painter was thoroughly unhappy, and rebelled with great energy from being told what kind of picture he should paint.

But the reverse of the medal tells so different a story as to be almost tragical in its result—for in the years 1871 to 1875 Matthew Maris painted all his finest pictures.*

*DATES OF CERTAIN OIL PAINTINGS.

1871—The Four Mills.
,, —The Young Cook.
,, —The Flower.
1872—The Girl at the Well.
,, —Feeding Chickens.
,, —Montmartre.
1872—Outskirts of a Town.
1873—The Christening.
,, —Enfant Couchee.
,, —Souvenir of Amsterdam.
,, —The Spinner.
1874—He is coming.
1874—The Girl with the Butterflies.
1875—The Girl with the Goats.
,, —The Sisters.
1887—Barye Swan.
1890—Siska.

On the one hand there is the great painter, capable of working out the highest expressions of art, and urged to do so by offers of rewards of fame and wealth. These urgings the artist resents, and after a time frees himself from their influence. But the great matter for the world is that under these urgings the painter attained a higher flight in his art than ever before, and directly the influence was withdrawn, or modified, then the artist left off producing his finest work. . . . . .

As years went on the artist became unwelcome in the rooms of St. James's Terrace. Mrs. Cottier fell into ill-health, and in 1887 Matthew Maris moved to No 47, St. John's Wood Terrace, where the painter was already known to the lady of the house. He went there at first for only a fortnight in order to look around for a more convenient resting place, and he remained there no less than nineteen years, until 1906, when he found a home in Westbourne Square (No. 18), Paddington, a half flat with a small but convenient painting room.

In 1887 Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh married Mr. Craibe Angus's daughter, and it was to this remarkable couple that the artist was indebted for most of the home comforts he enjoyed in the later years of his long life. Mr. van Wisselingh died in 1912. His widow continued her affection for the painter to the end, seldom passing a week without visiting him, and she it was who was with him at the last.

Matthew Maris was happy in the friendship of these ardent admirers of his genius, and he recorded his appreciation by leaving all his simple worldly possessions to Mrs. van Wisselingh and by making her also his sole executrix.

It should also be mentioned that in 1911 a patriotic Hollander, Heer Thomsen, of the Hague, came forward and offered, without "arrière pensée," to send a small pension to the painter of whom, as a fellow countryman, he was proud, and this was continued until the artist died.

It will be gathered from these details how little of ordinary history there is to tell of Matthew Maris, so far as the outward life is concerned.

Matthew Maris was laid in the Churchyard of Hampstead, in the northern heights of London, on a lovely day in August, 1917. He died at Westbourne Square on Wednesday, the 17th of the month, after little suffering, tended by the ministrations of his housekeeper, Mrs. Armstrong, who had long looked after his material wants, and of the ever faithful Mrs. van Wisselingh.

D. C. T.

MATTHEW MARIS AND HIS WORK.

AS the main features of the external life of Matthew Maris have already been recounted, it is desirable in what follows only to refer to a few incidents of it, of which the writer judges many may perhaps be unaware; and these may be of interest as throwing additional light upon the nature of this remarkable man.

In late years he often travelled back in memory, with happy recollection, to those days of his boyhood when he lived in his father's house. There his favourite nook was a garret on the topmost floor, made habitable as he said by a kindly landlord, for a diminutive increasing of the rent. Here came to him dreams, and premonitions of the life he was to live.

He early revealed a great precocity in his art, and an abiding love of fun—"a hundred mischiefs" must have often gleamed from the depths of his keen blue eyes. Of his diverting little harmless wickednesses as a young boy he would at times speak with a return of his youthful glee, choosing examples as though from an exhaustless store.

From the nature of his father's occupation, much serious and sound reading matter came in the boy's way, and he often spoke with enthusiasm of the writing of Vosmaer, then editor of the *Netherlands Spectator*.

In these early days he liked to copy certain of the drawings of others, and this he did directly, with pen and ink, with unerring exactitude, and fidelity to the feeling of the originals. Both the nature of the drawings that fell under his notice, and his own unfailing fine instinct, prompted him to copy the right things, amongst which may be mentioned the bathing soldiers of Michelangelo, and the very different illustrations by Richter of some of the works of Goethe and Schiller. These latter drawings especially interested him from their romantic quality, and for their simple grace and charm.

At the age of thirteen he made a very small water-colour drawing of his master's daughter, remarkable for its feeling, colour, and technical quality, which he said someone had declared to have been copied from a photograph, but this was not the case. He once recounted how, having made a drawing of his master's maid-servant in class—"a very good drawing, and highly finished,"—he was then and there threatened with chastisement by the angry damsel, for the portrait was too veracious for her taste.

The spirit of fun was still strong within him in his Antwerp Academy days, indeed it did not leave him all his life, and he would relate with much enjoyment tales of the student life, and pranks, at times uproarious, in which he, in common with Alma Tadema and others, loved often to indulge. A great deal of his art training here he came in later years to discredit, together with much of art teaching in general. He enjoyed, however, working at perspective, which much interested him, and therein he attained to very considerable proficiency.

He also made, in company with Alma Tadema, a pretty exhaustive study of anatomy. But he was never tired of hurling invective against this latter branch of his labours in later years, though it must be noted in justice that what really incensed him in this connexion, was his strong feeling that forced and unintelligent pursuit of it might, and did in many cases, exercise prejudicial influence upon the artist's work, by its results assuming too much prominence therein; thus giving too much emphasis to mere learning and knowledge as such, at the expense of that feeling it should be the object of a work of art to embody and convey.

In Paris, for part of his time there, he had rooms up the hill at Montmartre, one of them with a balcony outside the window commanding the wonderful view of the city below; and of these quarters he often spoke with pleased recollection, for much around him there was congenial to all that was artist in his soul. On the one hand lay Paris, that amazing storehouse of art treasures, with its noble architecture and all the magic inspiration of its "atmosphere," and on the other the country, interspersed with windmills, quarries, and old humble dwellings vanished for ever now. These satisfied the deep feeling for nature which never left him all through his life. Here it was that he dreamed some of the most romantic and beautiful of his dreams, and was able, in spite of considerable privation and annoyance, to execute much of his completest work. Wandering now through the country, now to the popular pleasure gardens about Paris, he would make from time to time delicate, dreamy and poetic sketches in his note books. To these sketches he was much attached in later life, and he was often fond of looking over them, reviving the happiness which they expressed.

His spirit frequently led him to the Cluny Museum, where, fascinated and inspired by the mediæval wonders it contained and the mysterious mediæval atmosphere of its dimly lighted rooms, he would linger fondly over this or that fragment of the past—old Venetian glass, or Gothic furniture, or work of chiselled steel, occasionally making drawings of any that specially appealed to him.

There was much in France that touched the artist in him deeply. Its graceful, lightsome growing trees, the gracious feeling of its landscape, often so suggestive of the elusive and indescribable painter's-poetry, and, above all, the splendour of its unrivalled Gothic architecture. In the master's last work-room in London, in the corner of it that he called his nest, where stood the small table at which he used to write, he kept fixed against the wall a large, fine photograph of the porch of the Cathedral at Rouen, in simple love of the noble spirit it expressed.

It is not difficult to see how, during the long years he lived in London, many of them unfortunately spent under conditions less favourable to his art, his spirit turned back to the inspiration of France; and how his imaginative feeling was in part sustained and nourished by memories of romantic and mediæval elements that were no longer about him in reality.

With regard to the artist's work, upon the consideration of which it might perhaps be hardly appropriate here, even were it possible, to do more than touch in passing, with what an amazing quality it confronts us, achieved, as was the work of Blake, with so little in the way of material circumstance to help him. Whether we contemplate the range and choiceness of his exquisitely refined and subdued though often joyous colour, the gravity and mellowness of his tone so completely in harmony with the spirit of that which he wished to convey in certain of his works; or whether we consider the extraordinarily small distance within which he came of expressing the very intangible essences themselves of life and mind, or the sense of the ever present elements of the mysterious and poetic in all things, there is no escaping from the recognition of his complete and consummate mastery.

Looking at his pictures. one loses in varying degree the sense that they were made with paint and brushes, and passing straight into a fragment of life or nature. endowed with harmony and unity by the artist's genius, one is brought into most intimate contact not so much with the substance of it as with its spirit.

And the aspect of the spirit of things which occupies him most, and most perhaps compels us as we look, is that of everlasting mystery. To this effect contributes not merely the final surface of his painting, but the wealth of underpainting, too, with which the last is fused, for this helps to convey that sense of depth behind depth one feels so often in his art. Frequently he would work over and over things many times, sometimes ending with an effect that well may recall to us the words of Omar—"Veil after veil will lift, but there must always be veil after veil behind."

As considerations of questions of technique were distasteful to the master, we may pass them over here, only remembering that the chief

object of his own was not so much to represent the apparent texture of anything material outside of himself, but rather to enable him to present a far less tangible fabric, one which most nearly expressed the spirit of things as they appeared in his vision, and instinct with deep feeling in every part.

We must not forget the symbolic quality of much of the artist's production—two conspicuous examples of which are to be found in his etching of "The Bride" and the painting of "The Shepherdess," the latter embodying one of his conceptions of religion.

In some of his work one becomes aware of a subtle sense of motion, sometimes of unquiet, even where at first sight there seems to be tranquillity; the former bringing to us a suggestion of the ceaseless unrest of the stream of life and mind, and the latter, as in the "Outskirts of a Town," a vague though haunting sense of tragic possibility.

Apart from the indescribable poetry and the romantic beauty of the etchings of Matthew Maris, apart from their wonderful texture, as though woven out of the very warp and woof of dreams, the complete originality of their technique, based direct not so much upon a rigid system, as springing in each part, and in all the disposition of their lines, straight from instinctive feeling, make them absolutely unique.

In spite of the spontaneity of his etchings, the artist would sometimes complain at the whole nature of etching, because "one had to think it out"; so great was his love of what came the most near to springing directly from feeling alone.

In connexion with his etching of "The Sower" of Jean François Millet, it will be seen how he has added to the original in solemnity, and how much is expressed in this work of the pathos and dignity of man's labour, and of the feeling of insoluble enigma which shrouds his life and work.

Some of his drawings, so wonderfully delicate and "loose," bringing his visions only just so far out of an invisible realm that they seem at times to belong rather to that world than to our own, almost appear as though they had been woven by some magic shuttle, darting hither and thither lightly and tentatively beneath the impulse of the enchanter's hand.

Definite bounding lines and edges he always liked to avoid in his work, preferring an indefinite texture quite indescribable in words, which most nearly expressed not the simple outward aspect of things, but his own especial interpretation of their spirit. So it was that his art was in some ways the least "material" of any in vision, in its mode of regarding Nature, ever seeking to make visible the inapprehensible world of soul and mind.

The delightful quality of faiëry and enchantment which so strongly

characterizes some of the works of Matthew Maris is in strange and interesting contrast to that of the magic of Lionardo da Vinci; and while this latter, the outcome of a complex nature, is suggestive of a spirit older than the "eternal hills," the former is a quality for ever young and simple as of the glorified vision of a child.

Lastly let us not forget that in the work of this master there is never any manner of pretention; he has sung his song with the utter artlessness and complete naturalness that he so admired in his favourite Burns.

It is to be regretted that in the years spent by the artist in St. John's Wood, in London, various inadequacies of his work-room prevented him from attempting to carry through the large works left uncompleted at his death. When, later, the efforts of friends succeeded in establishing him in the rooms in which his final years were passed, and where he would often say it was a miracle so good a work-room had been found for him ready made, the gradual failure of his eyesight seriously impeded his work, and though many a happy hour was spent by him there, either alone and often singing at his easel, or occasionally with friends, it was with increasing sadness he came to realize the impossibility of carrying his remaining works to the termination he had wished. The one called the "Child with Butterflies" is perhaps the completest of his later attempts to find still less material expression, seeking ever to give even to solid paint an immaterial texture, and is, though still unfinished, a pure embodiment of childlike joy.

From his earliest days, in Matthew Maris' nature, side by side with his sympathy with all that is robustly and cleanly humorous, side by side with his joyous participation in the serene gladness of things childlike, there existed a vein of dark and almost fatalistic pessimism concerning the affairs of human life. Indications of this are easily seen in his juvenile story of "Robert and Liza," and not infrequently in later life he would pass into this darker vision so little indication of which is to be found in his accomplished work.

In many ways his nature was very simple, though never with the simplicity of ignorance; and never would he rest upon the surface of anything that occupied his mind or feeling, but must ever follow it into its inner depths. And yet how often would he come rounding back again to the limitations of all human understanding, and the ultimate inscrutable mystery of all things, the expression of which perception, clad in the raiment of a wonderful beauty, forms so large a feature of his work.

All that was simple and true in human life made strong appeal to him, and never was there any trace about him of affectation of manner

or desire of so-called superiority; he only wished in regard to his own life to be and to express himself. There was no touch about him of artificiality, and in entering his room one might also enter straight into the very soul of the man. He was full of wisdom in the best sense, and in his conversation as in writing he often sparkled with wit and humour, making use of a fund of allusion and quotation, as well as endless improvised oddities of verbal expression and simile that sometimes caused him to be misunderstood. Through a life of comparative solitude he never lost his deep humanity, and his love of children was answered by theirs for him. His attitude towards those who daily served him was always one of extreme unselfishness, and he would often suffer much discomfort himself rather than have the source of it removed by the service even of his most intimate friends.

But how hard in words to give any adequate presentation of the living man who at times would pass from outbursts of anger to which he had been always subject, or stormy denunciations like thunder of the evils of human life, into a state of surpassing gentleness, recite some favourite lines of prose or poetry, break into remembered fragments of a song, or recount with inimitable slyness some tale or prank of long ago.

Never did he waver in the complete consecration of his life to his art, sacrificing all to it, setting aside all consideration of personal comfort and personal gain, and accepting as it came to him each phase and circumstance of the life that such an attitude entails. After his death one of those who served him daily during many years wrote—"He was not only a great painter, he was a great and good man." Sadness and gladness were strangely mingled in his life, but the great song of his life-work, though sometimes sad and questioning, is for the greater part a song of joy, a song of the mystery and wonderment and faiëry of creation, that, rising clear above the real pain suffered by an intensely sensitive nature, is of a truth and beauty never yet surpassed.

E. D. F.

THE TECHNIQUE OF MATTHEW MARIS.

It will seem strange that Matthew Maris should have always denounced mere technique in art, as his own style of work demanded technical accomplishment of the highest order; it should, however, be remembered that he learnt the material side of his art while still almost a child, so that it became as a second nature to him, leaving him unaware of the difficulties that other artists experience—just as a child may learn a foreign tongue which older persons can never master. He was in reality protesting against mere technical display and superficial cleverness, having set himself the task of expressing the more spiritual and elusive aspects of life.

His methods though simple were perfectly adapted to his own means of expression, the chief concern being to leave his imagination as free as possible throughout the whole course of the work; thus he never, in later life, painted from nature or from a model of any kind, and the original pencil drawings for his paintings, when they exist, are extremely vague and ethereal, though full of the most exquisite suggestions. Once however the idea whether of tone, form, or colour was clearly conceived in his mind, he recorded it with wonderful directness and freedom, so that on seeing a work by him it is difficult to say whether he has spent hours, or years, on it; the result being in both cases fresh and unlaboured.

For his paintings he preferred a canvas of somewhat rough texture, if one considers the small size of the works; on this the main lines of the composition were drawn in charcoal to be soon painted over in monochrome with black thinned down with turpentine, which, in its turn, gave way to pure black used very stiff and dry and scrubbed on so thinly as to give only tone. This tone was rubbed out where it was too dark, either with a dry rag, or the tip of a little stick—a safety match end; white was seldom used at this stage, as it would clog the canvas, which still showed through the hazy tone. Lastly, colour was brushed on almost dry, sparingly and only where it was needed, often vermilion or cobalt blue, these being the only other colours in constant use, though occasionally golden or yellow ochre, and terra verte have found their way to his palette.

In his old age, as he disliked wearing glasses, Matthew Maris had some difficulty in seeing the more minute details of his work—and this must have been the chief reason why the works of that time are larger in scale than the earlier ones—though the fineness of conception, and delicacy of tone, are ever present.

The few pictures that were found in his studio at his death have suffered through being worked on just at the last moment when his faculties were not so clear, and have partly defeated his purpose in painting them. One should remember that he always referred to the pictures painted in the seventies as "potboilers," preferring his later works which have never had quite the same recognition from the public. It would seem that he worked too long on them, often spending years on a single picture; and one would be tempted to wish that his incessant toil had been devoted to producing a greater number of examples of such gentle and imaginative art. One must remember, however, that Providence gives us only too few of these rare and peculiar men of greatness; and be thankful, accepting them as they are, rather than wishing to model them after our own image.

F. L.

REPRODUCTIONS

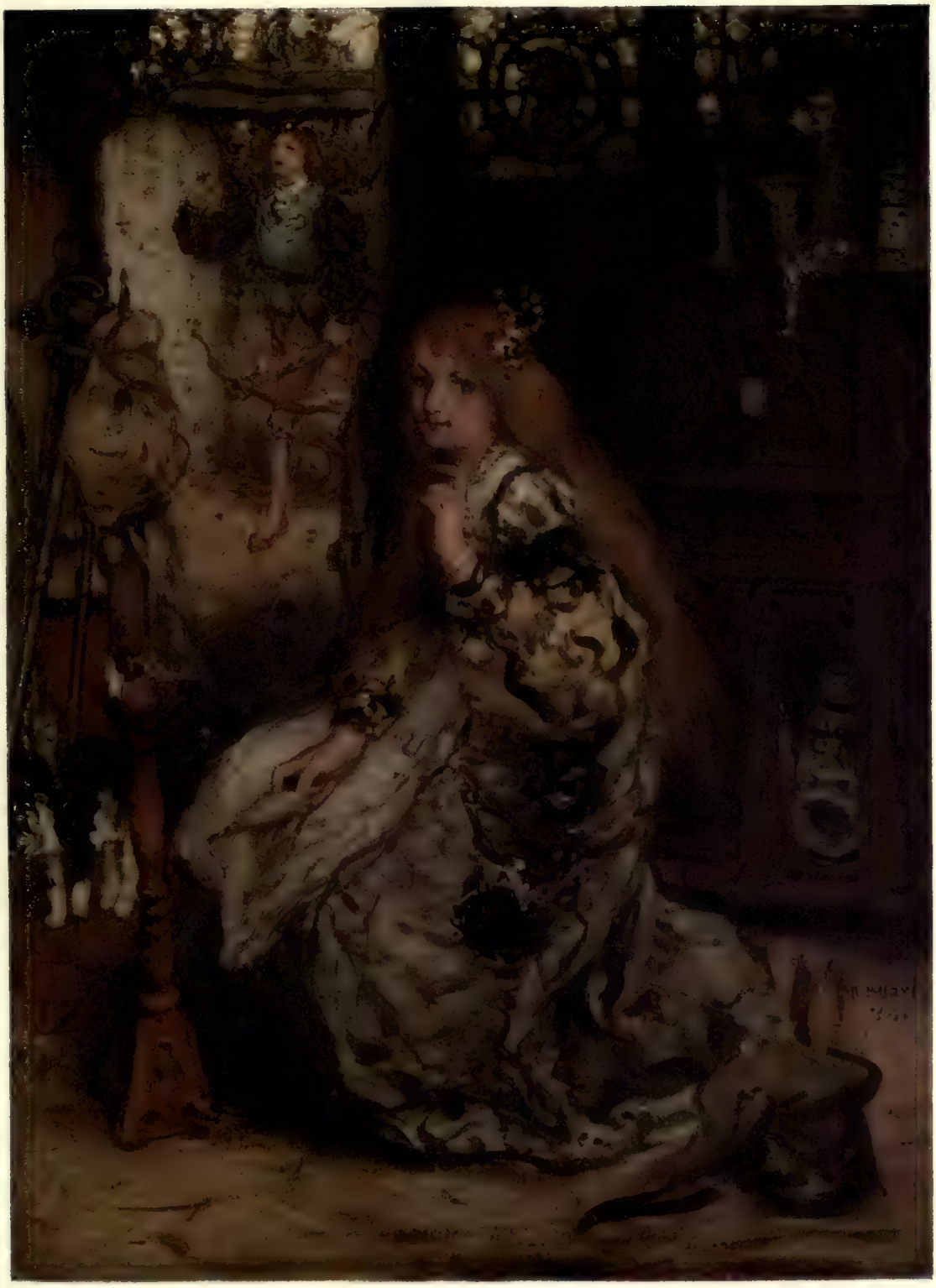
OF

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

BY

MATTHEW MARIS.

Millais
73

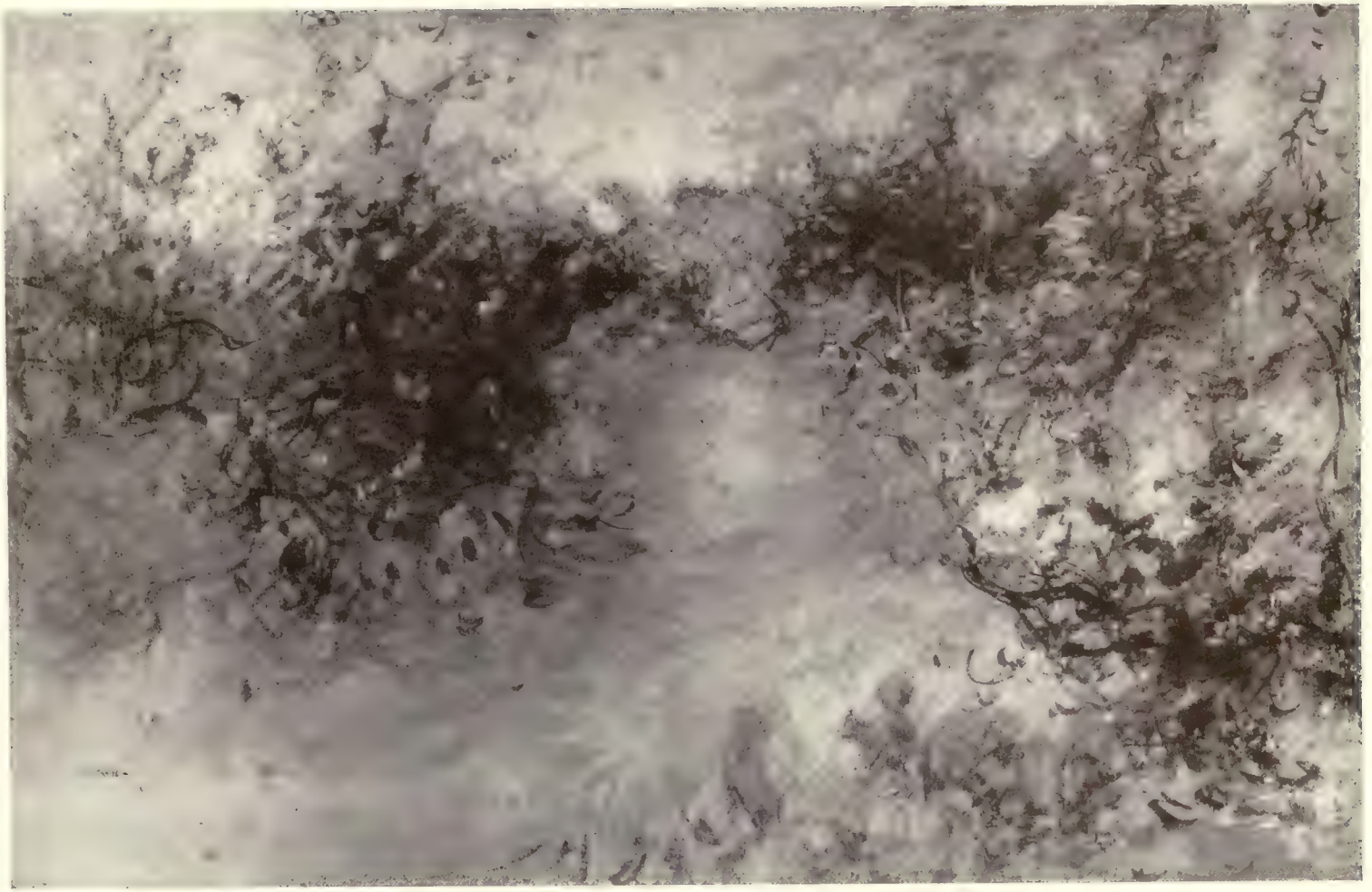


22. The Veiled Lady

23. The Walk

24. The Shepherdess

25. The Enchanted Castle

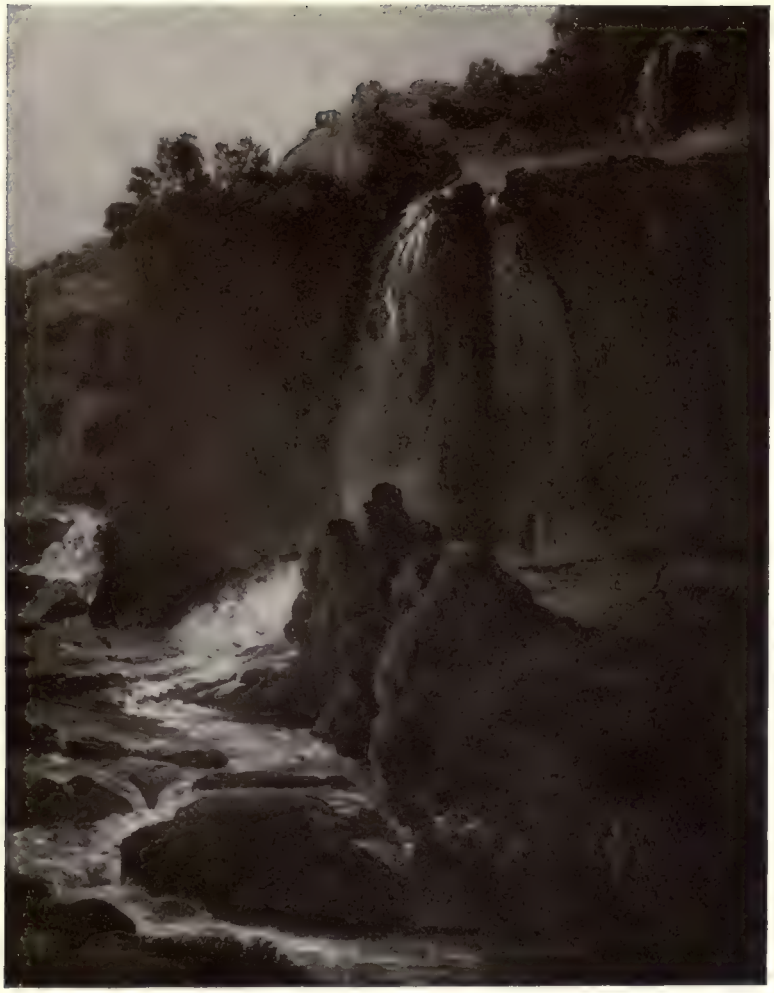


26. The Enchanted Wood

27. The Prince and Princess

28. Montmartre

29. Head of a Young Girl.



30. The Waterfall

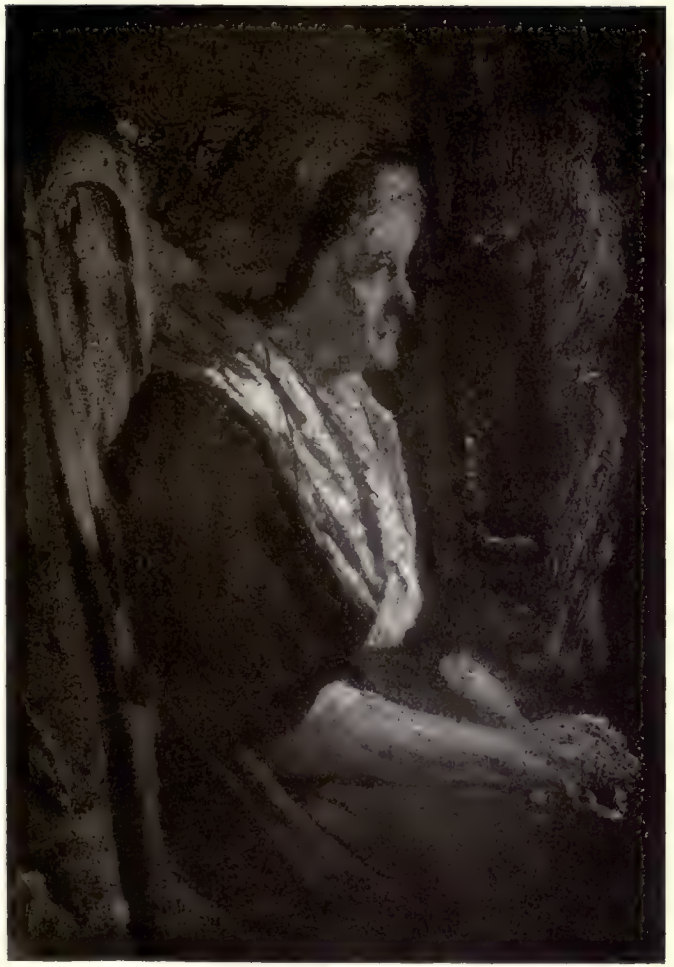
31. The Joyous Walk

32. "Lainie"

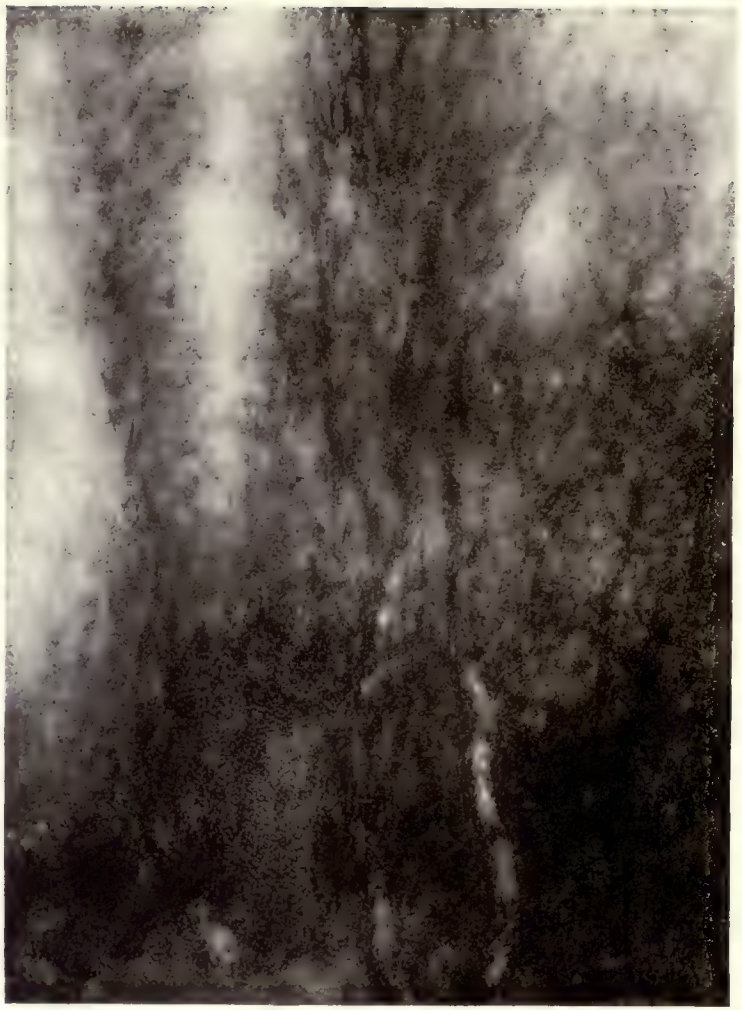
33. The King's Children

34. The Boy with a Hoop

35. The Spinner

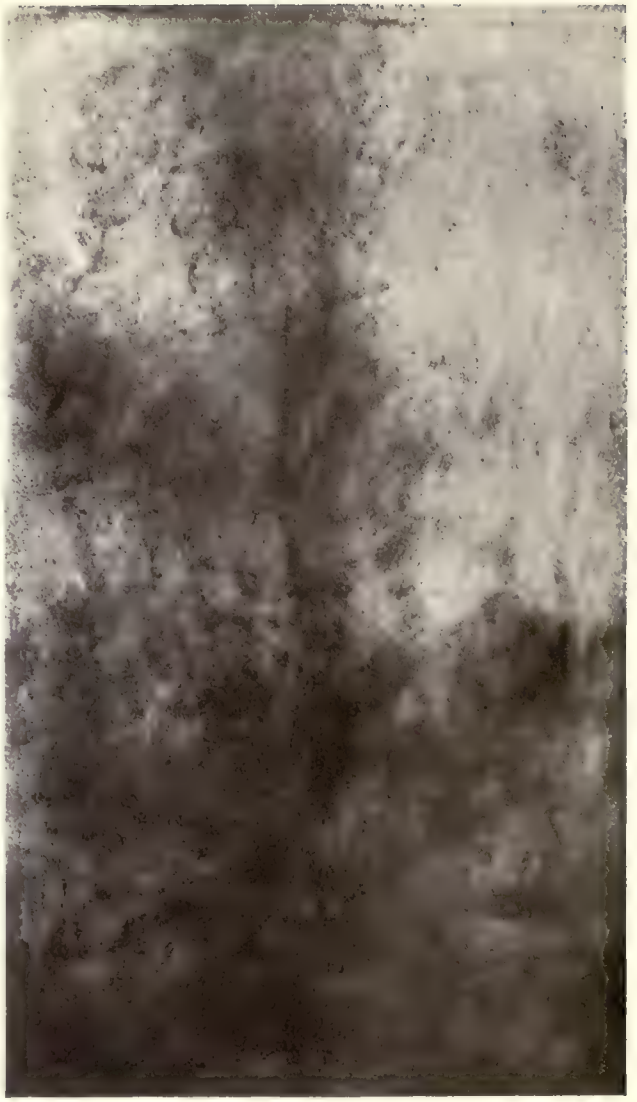


37. The Old Spinner



36. Trees in Gloaming

39. The Castle Plowman



38. Forest Trees

40. The Dancing Boy.

41. The Convent

42. "Laughing and Crying"

43. "Baby"

44. The Westmacott Children

45. "In their Own Little World"

46. Baby in Cradle

48. The Flower

47. Prince and Princess

50. Figure of a Girl

49. The Enchanted Wood

51. Portrait of Matthew Maris

A VISIT TO THE DEATH CHAMBER OF MATTHEW MARIS.

WESTBOURNE Square is a small triangle of tall, mid-nineteenth century houses on the high ground beyond the Harrow Road, about half a mile from Paddington Station. The houses stand round a cluster of plane trees. The traffic from the Harrow Road and Bayswater passes down one straight side of the "Square" into the more crowded district immediately beyond. The painter's flat is on the second floor of a tenement house, on your right as, walking West, you have just got through the Square. The South sun shines into what was his sitting room. He used to look out on to the yellow-green of the plane trees and on to the grey houses standing in the shadow behind them. The voices of children playing in the street where it leaves the "Square" gave him pleasure. In its colour, form and feeling, the outlook is characteristic of Bayswater of the sixties; but something in it reminds one of Paris also. Perhaps it is something in the rather unusual height of the houses as compared with the width of the roadway and in the faded plaster of the ill-groomed facades.

Matthew Maris' sitting-room has the delicate harmony of tone which one finds in homes like this in Holland. Behind it, looking North, is the painting room. Thence you look out upon the livid bricks and many windows of the backs of another row of houses, and upon the tresses of a poplar tree.

In the sitting room, as I saw it to-day, stands his bed, moved here during his last illness. A slim, high-mattressed, very narrow French four-poster, with elegant columns of old oak, grey-green valances, and courtly grace of style. The high mattress slopes up steeply to the pillow. It was Mr. E. J. van Wisselingh's bed in Paris after the Franco-German War, and was afterwards in his house at Northwood. It is a copy of the bed of a French prince of the seventeenth century.

The empty bed gave the small dining room the solemnity of a death-chamber. The brown tones and severe decoration were those of a Dutch interior, but with a flavour of France. In the middle of the room, an oval oak table, dark brown, without covering. The straight-lined oak chairs of seventeenth century pattern have brown leather unstuffed seats and taut leather backpieces. The door opens on to the foot of the bed, which nearly fills one side of the room. Opposite to it, the window. Over the fireplace, a large square French mirror in an oak frame carved with fruit and flowers. Opposite to this, a large oak cabinet, French like

the mirror, chairs, table and bed. On the mantelpiece and on top of the cabinet, the ornaments are in one key of colour—a brown and grey fir-cone, an artichoke flower, some grey grasses in a brown metal Italian vase, some low brass candlesticks, a piece of brown ivory carved in China, some asparagus fronds in a brown vase, a small brown Japanese box filled with pieces of string neatly tied. Matthew Maris always saved string, and folded it up carefully before he opened the wrappings of a parcel. On the floor, an unpatterned grey-green carpet; plain greenish walls. Two old Delft plates, faint blue and orange, one with a tone of reddish brown, hang near the fireplace, along with a dark Italian sconce. By the bed, an unbroken line of wood-cuts of the Dance of Death. Over the high pillow of the bed, pinned to the wall, was an unframed autotype of Holbein's Henry VIII. Near it, in a plain frame and on a dark blue mount, was a photograph of Andrea del Sarto's Madonna and St. Elizabeth with Our Lord and St. John Baptist as boys. Beneath it, a French photograph of a Raffaelle drawing (like a Rembrandt) from the Florence Museum. On the right of the fireplace, a photograph of a wide landscape by Claude Lorraine, with (in the right foreground) a man's figure half recumbent, like the figure of Matthew Maris' own "The Girl with the Distaff." The old spinning wheel and distaff were in the room, but not the same as the model which Maris made to paint from. In the corner, two Japanese prints—one a bluish Hiroshige with masts silhouetted against the sky like spears. Above the cabinet, a large line engraving of Monna Lisa. Right and left of it, a very fine drawing by Peppercorn of trees looming in the dusk, and Rethel's woodcuts of Death and the Bellringer and Death coming into the Palace, the last tinted with sanguine by Maris himself. Thus the room is all reddish-brown, grey or greyish-green harmonious and austere. Mrs. van Wisselingh told me that, when Matthew Maris was there, his fine head and beautiful sparkling eyes filled the room. On the table, a small canvas sketch book, with pencil studies for the girl with the distaff and for the picture of Lausanne, and some drawings of cats.

Not the room of a destitute man, by any means. He lived here, well cared for; had plenty of well-cooked food; was kept supplied with fruit and flowers for the table, and was served with devotion by his faithful housekeeeper ('the good soul'), and by his sterling friend, Mrs. van Wisselingh. One felt that Matthew Maris' mind and taste lay twenty years ahead of his time and foreshadowed the day when exquisite fineness of taste may more customarily show itself, both from preference and by necessity, in simple adornments and in abstinence from any kind of personal display. Everything was neat, comfortable, harmonious, but without affectation of

simplicity, and austere by deliberate choice. He was not in need, but had a good annuity and enjoyed giving to others. He smoked mild tobacco, often smoking when his pipe was empty, for choice a very small pipe.

Matthew Maris was very deeply attached to his mother, a quiet woman of fine character and noble mind. He was fond of the picture of Rembrandt's mother, seated with a handkerchief in her hand and with her white cap fitting close to the head and over the ears. In sculpture, Maris most admired among the moderns Ivan Mestrovic. Among his possessions was a photograph of Mestrovic's Horseman—the mounted warrior whose right arm stretches masterfully behind him upon the flank of a prancing charger. "The man is a genius; why should I see more of what he has done?" Maris said to Mrs. van Wisselingh, who offered to take him to the exhibition of Mestrovic's sculpture at South Kensington.

In the painting-room behind, with its dark grey walls and North light, stands the master's easel. On it is fixed, as he left it, the picture to which he gave the last years of his life. The subject is Grief. Twice it has been a finished masterpiece. Now a palimpsest, a yellowish-green, unfinished sketch in which you can trace the form and face of a woman prostrate in sorrow. In later years the painter's eyesight failed—but he saw with another vision and sought to express haunting reveries. The painter's palette was there—the yellows strongest upon it.

In a small cupboard hung the painter's clothes—black and brown suits for working in, several suits scarcely worn. Stacked against the wall, five canvases—a shadowy birch tree, pale against the shadow of a wood: a dim white peacock in a magic glade; the faint silhouette of the Enchanted Castle; two girls' faces dim in haze like Carrière's. Pictures like music softly played, whispering magic and touching one to tears.

Mrs. van Wisselingh writes me:—"Thys was always ten years old and full of wit and fun, so gay at times, singing when working, sometimes singing whole operas, always a magic person, a sage and profound."

Matthew Maris, I divine, felt that a doom hung over the modern world because it has cared more for gain than for what profits the heart of man. "Slighting that most which men most prize," he bore quiet witness of his loyalty to another social order not yet realised, but hereafter to be born. He was a "self-bound prisoner to his liberty," but free as in a hermitage upon the unfashionable fringe of Bayswater; recluse from the world, but within earshot of its traffic, and consoled by the voices of children and by the spirit of trees. "With the blood of all his soul," he painted, but "in the unfixed colours of vicissitude" with magic whispering in his ears and with eyes open to behold hidden things.

M. E. SADLER.

Sept. 22, 1917.

(Written for "The Times" and published in the issue of Aug. 25, 1917.)

THE MAGIC OF MATTHEW MARIS.

BY the death of Matthias Maris, there passes from the scene one of the heroic figures of European art. A bond between Holland and the West is severed. A chapter of modern painting is closed "Thÿs," as his friends called him, was one of the links between the Barbizon painters and the new Romantics. Through him, Corot, Daubigny and Millet join hands with Monticelli and, through Monticelli, with Vincent Van Gogh.

The supreme gift of Matthew Maris was magic. In many of his pictures one looks as through "magic casements." His etching "The Enchanted Castle" is veiled with "restless gossameres." The "Four Mills" is wizardry as well as landscape. It was painted with a sad heart which, like Ruth's in the poem, was "sick for home." In Maris' work there is the magic of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and of "The Listeners" of Walter de la Mare.

All around him was the turmoil of modern industrialism, but he kept quiet because in his ears there was a whisper of the Middle Age. And the whisper was not an echo of the dead past, but a prophecy of the future. He felt that, sooner or later, the world would turn back from much of its modernism to something more akin to the mediæval point of view. His genius foretold a new mood in the mind of man. He stood aside, therefore, from the bustle and besetting ambitions of the life which surrounded him, a hermit from the world. His art was *La belle dame sans mercy*. In phantom beauty he found reality and truth. His manner of life was a quiet gesture of contempt for the profit-seeking which spoils the soul; his harsh self-penance, the price willingly paid for the visions of an initiate whose "heart is otherwhere."

M. E. S.

List of the

Paintings, Drawings, and Etchings, by Matthew Maris

exhibited in the Memorial Collection held at

The French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, London,

in November and December, 1917, and January, 1918.

Those marked * are reproduced in this volume.

1* The Four Mills — Oil
2 Misty Evening — Oil
3* The Old Spinner — Oil
4* The Young Cook — Oil
5* The Squirrels — Oil
6* Outskirts of a Town — Oil
7* The Goats — Oil
8* "He is Coming" — Oil
9 Still Life, Hunting Horn — Oil
10* The Castle Ploughman — Oil
11 Portrait, M. Jules Lessore — Oil
12 An Italian Girl — Oil
13 Master Jack — Oil
14* The Waterfall — Oil
14A* The Veiled Lady — Oil
15* The Sisters — Oil
16* Novice taking the Veil — Oil
17* Head of Young Girl — Oil
18* The Shepherdess — Oil
19* The Girl with the Goats — Oil
20* The Interior of a Cathedral by Moonlight — Oil
21* Siska — Oil
22 The Birch Tree (from the Artist's studio) — Oil
23* Fantasy — Oil
24* Barye (Son of the Painter, John M. Swan, R.A.) — Oil
25 Portrait — Oil
26 Head of Young Lady — Oil
27* The Enchanted Wood — Water Colour
28* Forest Trees — Pencil and Stump
29 Grief — Oil
30* The Westmacott Children (from the Artist's studio) — Crayon
31 Figure Subject (from the Artist's studio) — Oil
32 Allegory — Oil
33 Figure Subject (from the Artist's studio) — Oil
34 Grief (from the Artist's studio) — Oil
35 The White Peacock (from the Artist's studio) — Oil
36 The Forest of the Birch Trees (from the Artist's studio) — Oil

37 Girl's Head — Etching
38 Trees, after Peppercorn — Etching
39 Silver Birches — Etching
40 Feeding Chickens (Etching by Wm. Hole, R.S.A.), after M. Maris
41 Primavera (by Zilcken) — Etching
42 The Bride — Etching
43 Girl with Distaff — Etching
44 Landscape with Castle — Etching
45 The Sower, after J. F. Millet — Touched Proof
46 Girl under Tree — Etching
47 The Sower, after J. F. Millet — Portion of Etching
48 Landscape with Goat — Etching
49 He is Coming (Etching, by Wm. Hole, R.S.A.), after M. Maris
50 Girl with Distaff (full figure) — Etching
51 Landscape — Etching
52* Trees in Gloaming — Drawing
53* Figure of Girl (from the Artist's studio) — Crayon
54* The Enchanted Wood — Drawing
55* Trees in Gloaming — Drawing
56* Prince and Princess — Pencil
57 Baby's Head — Pencil
58 Remembrance — Pencil
59 The Bathers — Wood Engraving
60 Day Dreams — Crayon
61* The Flower — Pencil
62 Baby's Head — Pencil
63 The Princess — Crayon
64* The Joyous Walk — Crayon
65 Child's Head — Pencil
66 The Princess — Crayon
67* Dancing Boy — Crayon
68* The Convent — Pencil
69* Children's Heads, Laughing and Crying — Pencil
70* Lainie, daughter of M. Jules Lessore — Crayon
71 Baby — Indian Ink
72 La Femme au Rouet — Crayon
73* Baby in Cradle — Pencil
74 Five Point Sketches (Four) — Pencil
75 Five Point Sketches (Two) and Heads of Children — Pencil
76 Studies, Hands — Pencil
77 Child's Head, Smiling — Pencil
78* "In their own little world" — Crayon
79 Landscape — Crayon
80 Girl with Distaff (double drawing) — Crayon
81 Day Dreamers (double drawing) — Crayon
82 Robert and Liza; or, The Way of the World — Pen & Ink
83 The Girl with Butterflies — Oil
84 Gertrude, daughter of A. D. Peppercorn, Esq. — Pencil
85 Mrs. Philip Noble, and on reverse Master Jack Westmacott — Pencil
86 First Idea of the Westmacott Children — Pencil

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

THE MAGIC OF MATTHEW MARIS.

The exquisite message of "The Squirrels" might be an illustration for the sad, sweet story of Aucassin and Nicolette, and the rich-robed lad and lass of "He is Coming" also suggests the romance of the Middle Ages. In this respect his art resembles that of Maeterlinck. Now and again the Flemish poet is impelled by a virile impulse, evident, for instance, in the more passionate scenes of "Monna Vanna" and "Pelleas and Melisande." But the Dutchman was never moved to such Reinhardtian excess. His passion, whether of joy or of regret, was always muted and moving, even at its deepest moments, in glimmering half-lights and wavering shadows. Note the "muffled" but penetrating pathos of the outskirts of what seems to be an abandoned town, and the spectral figures of "Fantasy" (23), fading falteringly into the limitless Land of the Future—of the "unknown in which the beings and the things he [the poet] calls forth are drifting and of the mystery which rules and judges them and presides over their destiny." Such, according to Maeterlinck, is the idea of the poet, an idea visualised for us of duller sight and insight by Maris in "Fantasy" and the other grey pictures, with a charm at once poignant and fascinating.

JAMES GREIG, in the "Morning Post," Nov. 8, 1917.

A POET OF THE BRUSH.

He was a poet of the brush, exquisitely skilful in the indication (we will not say realisation) of those tender, misty day-dreams of his. Those who carefully and sympathetically pass in review his chief productions—many of them evocations of some wistful little Cinderella or lonely heroine, or suggestions of love episodes among beings but half mortal, in realms mysterious—will see in him a precursor of the great Flemish prose-poet Maeterlinck. In the Mélisande, in the Princesse Maleine of the latter there is this same spirit of mysterious sadness, this same submission to fate that seems almost inertness. No mere description of a painting by Matthew Maris, no analysis of its rare technical qualities, will reveal the soul that subtly glows within it, or give adequate suggestion of the power of evocation and spiritualisation that is his. What in the description may appear trivial and lacking in virility, is in the actual contemplation seen to be steeped in true poetry —that essence which evaporates if we too roughly attempt to seize and materialise it.

SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS, in the "Daily Telegraph," Aug. 24, 1917.

ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Technical mastery constitutes but one side of Matthew Maris's great art. There is another side to it, more significant, perhaps, and more general in its appeal—and that is the rare and exquisite charm of his romantic imagination, for the veteran painter has retained through all his life the mind of a fanciful innocent child, unpolluted by contact with the cruel and ugly realities of this world, for which there is no place in his art. His records of fact are tinged with romance; but when he gives free rein to his imagination he creates a Maeterlinckian world of mysterious woods and enchanted castles, peopled by princes and princesses who lead not a real existence, but a dream life, and whose most serious occupation seems to be the chasing of butterflies. There is a visionary, dreamy charm in the expression of his very peasant girls and kitchen maids, something of the mystery that is the eternal attraction of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa."

P. G. KONODY, in the "Observer," Aug. 26, 1917.

THE HANS ANDERSEN OF THE BRUSH.

At the French Gallery there is now to be seen the largest collection of works by Matthew Maris ever shown together in England. They set one wondering why that peculiar quality of the Northern mind, which he expresses so perfectly, has never been expressed before in Dutch painting. He is the Hans Andersen among painters, but no Dutchman before him has ever even tried to be that. It does not matter that he often professes to paint human beings; in the works of his maturity they are fairies all the same, or belong to a fairy world like the human beings in Andersen's stories. There is one landscape in the exhibition called "The Enchanted Wood," but all his woods are enchanted, and the figures in them, as in the landscape called "The Squirrels" are all part of the enchantment.

From the "Times," Nov. 20, 1917.

CULMINATING LANDSCAPES AND FIGURE SUBJECTS.

The culminating landscapes in Pall Mall are "The Four Mills," no more than 8½ ins. by 11½ ins., painted in 1871 soon after the siege of Paris, when the artist served in the National Guard, though he only "pretended" to put a bullet in his gun, and the larger "Outskirts of a Town," 1872, acquired years ago for £200 by Mr. Campbell Bannerman, and still, I believe, owned by the family. How exquisitely and understandingly depths of still serenity, emanating from the spirit, are here wrought into the very fibre of the forms and into the prevailing greys of the reticently impressive colour schemes. It is as though creative quietudes of earth and sky and water, of the windmills and the red-roofed houses, were blent by some heavenly alchemy as a revelation of truth for the observer.

Of the figure subjects two emerge as triumphing examples. "The Young Cook," 1871, is so pure and searched in draughtsmanship, so imaginatively sure, yet delicate in colour, that a Vermeer of the nineteenth century might be the poet-painter of it. "He is Coming," 1874, has not been publicly seen since 1886, though widely familiar through the etching of William Hole. This richly robed fairy princess is painted and circumstanced by a child-man—Mathys is said by one who knew him well always to have been a magic person, ten years old—himself half a native of fairyland. How beautifully appropriate is the golden dress and, as part of the setting, the translucent stained-glass, beyond which the "prince" is seen approaching. Among other outstanding exhibits are "The Girl with the Goats," 1875, recently sold in Glasgow for £5,000 as the property of the late Mr. Robert Ramsey; a smaller but not less enchanting picture on a kindred theme; and the fascinating full-length of Mr. J. Barye Swan—son of the painter-sculptor—who is now an officer in the Navy. He is seen as a chubby child, clad in a white robe, holding a lemon.

Apart from the studio works at least 14 others are now seen for the first time. If somewhat over-scaled, and slightly reminiscent of George Boughton, "The Two Sisters" is in parts lovely. Then there are an authoritative "Head of a Young Girl," remarkable in its closeness and subtlety of realisation; "The Old Spinner," a broadly treated portrait of an aged woman seated in a high-backed chair, hands on lap, which shows the artist's reverence for Rembrandt; fantasies from the dream world, such as "The Veiled Lady," "The Shepherdess," "Novice Taking the Veil," and "The Interior of a Cathedral by Moonlight," which last looks almost like a lofty forest glade, such as served as inspiration to builders of great Gothic shrines. In the section of drawings no visitor should fail to remark the fathomingly simple pencil study of a baby in a cradle, dated 1862, and the clear, firm, yet delicate, view of an old-time convent.

FRANK RINDER, in the "Glasgow Herald," Nov. 14, 1917.

"WHAT I PAINT IS MY OWN CONCERN."

In his later years Maris had within his gift the power to command his own price for a painting, but he refused to paint to order or to cater at all for the art market. "What I paint is my own concern," he used to say when I remonstrated with him on his folly. "My pictures are the unfinished expression of my thoughts; they belong to me, being part of my soul, and I alone understand them and feel how inadequate they are to express that which is in me to express. Besides, my dear friend, a painting is never finished. There is always something wanting, and the painter ever seeks to grasp that elusive thing."

These are sadly improvident ideas in a materialistic world that asks for cash over the counter, and I remembered that Maris was without means save for the funds placed at his disposal by one of his several devoted friends who climbed his stairs and humoured and petted and fussed over him, loving him for what he was and not for what he might have been.

B. B. FALK, in the "Weekly Dispatch," Aug. 26, 1917.

THE TRAGEDY OF MATTHEW MARIS.

For all the fame of his later years the career of Matthew Maris, dispassionately regarded, cannot be considered otherwise than as a tragedy. It was a tragedy because he was never able to express himself fully in his art, and because he himself was keenly conscious of his failure. Others might think that he had done enough, that his cabinet pictures of landscapes, town scenes, and figures—many of them veritable masterpieces—should have satisfied the ambition of any artist; but Maris knew how far his achievements fell short of his desires.

The type and example, in the art-student's opinion, of the master whose art is done for art's sake, Matthew Maris felt vaguely that he had a message to give, and that the world conspired to hinder its delivery. What that message was cannot be very clearly traced from his works—works which, for all their gem-like qualities, were very largely derivative.

His figure subjects fall naturally into three groups: those inspired by the earlier figure paintings of Corot and Millet, like "Feeding Chickens," those inspired by the romantic art of Rossetti and Monticelli, like "The Prince and the Princess," and the etchings "Under the Tree" and "The Lady with the Distaff," and those inspired by Carrière, like the head of "Siska," in Mr. D. Croal Thomson's collection.

It is the figure paintings and etchings in the last two groups which have caused Matthew to be commonly regarded as the romantic and mystical member of the Maris brothers, though his "Souvenir of Amsterdam" and his landscape work generally suggest rather a tender realist of the Vermeer type.

FRANK RUTTER, in the "Sunday Times," Aug. 26, 1917.

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